

Nancy Wheeler Awakens Her Inner Child Lover by Veretta

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Summary:

Nancy Wheeler discovers that Steve or anyone older than 12 are not worth her time.

Don't worry, it's pretty wholesome.

Nancy Wheeler Awakens Her Inner Child Lover

Author's Note:

- For [ultimo01](#).

Petitioned by Ultimo01. I think he might have a fetish.

There was never enough.

When every girl in Hawkins was talking about boys when she was 14, Nancy Wheeler would not get it at all. Her skinny complexity and lack of curves made her seem younger than she actually was. She saved herself by the usual cruel remarks regarding her appearance and immaturity by not appearing overtly childish and having a perfectly delicate face of smooth cheekbones, naturally red lips and slightly upturned nose that really made her innocence seem cute rather than annoying.

Nancy Wheeler's late interest in those pesky boys turned her into a delayed contender to every other girl in Hawkins, barely giving her time to compete against them. Nancy's sexual growth didn't stop when she measured the interest to that of her peers, but exceeded them at every possible step to the point of developing the mindset and conducts of nothing less than a nymphomaniac. Talk about overcompensation.

The Wheelers' eldest daughter, their magnum opus, was the only woman with a worryingly grand collection of Playgirl. And that was the surface of Nancy's erotic machinations. Deep down, she wasn't only a pervert, but a high-risk sexual deviant.

To the despair of her fellow female companions (who assume she was meant to become one of those asexual weirdos), she did put on a fight for the heart of one of the cutest ones. The *Footloose*-looking invocation that was Steve Harrington. If there was ever a Kevin Bacon doppelgänger that would be him, figuring a rebellious attitude of devil-may-care charm and devilish, dangerous appeal that made teenage girls dribble over their future spiteful divorce.

And what better companion to someone like him than the most innocent, but filthy-minded girl on school.

It was just until the last year that her body started winning over the stagnancy of time, developing an astonishingly wide hip that rocked an ass that had to be seen to believe. Despite her distinct lack of major breasts fat, she became universally recognized a proper woman.

At the first sight of proper pubertal transformation, Nancy started working out with help of magazines and, through her own sweat over an entire year, gave it an even more muscular, enticing personality.

The now 16-year-old had the biggest, juiciest, most spankable and delicious-looking ass on Hawkings' local Highschool by mere virtue of her own efforts. Not as the gift of Mother Nature, but by the sheer opportunistic spirit that has been passed down through generations of Wheelers'. It looked like the kind of hard, expensive meat that desperately *screams* to be tenderized.

And did she ever enjoy it making men salivate over it.

From High School jocks to random kids in the streets. Boy, do men start young. Even the luscious looks and improper catcalls from old disgusting folks wore on her like a crimson velvet coat, despite her elaborated mask of discomfort.

And she knew Steve would act out, and she wanted him to do so quickly. All those cute looks and dresses were meant to be torn apart. So said her body, still virgin, asking -nay, demanding her for more extreme, more fucked up since her first time flicking her little *button*, her now battered clit.

She needed her bad boy to bruise her, to pull her hair. He seemed like the kind of guy who spits. Oh, how she fantasied about the excuses she would give her mom about the neck bites that would suddenly appear during the nights at home, while she hid worse under her clothes, where her man had marked her territory.

Steve should act before someone else comes and claims her.

In the middle of the night, somewhere in a grieving small American town, a girl's mind was driving her further into a decadent train of thought, filled with the kind of novel imaginary that Playgirl was unable to fill. Twisted and cruel.

Self-hate wasn't a trait of Nancy, but her desire was for someone who fucked her like he did.

Her pillow was drowning moans that could be heard anyway from anyone standing before the door. It didn't matter.

What mattered was that she couldn't breathe.

She had four fingers within her, as deep as she could drive them. Moving them erratically, fiercely.

The moaning turned into growls. Aroused, frustrated and needy. She was cumming, her sculptured ass-meat jumping and spasming over her own hand with such force that felt like the wrist was about to snap. Her white panties now stuffed inside, turned unwearable for the night.

After the orgasm subsided, her head left the pillow and inspired the cold air of midnight. Her temple was palpitating, hair falling messily against her drenched forehead, and her eyes, bloodshot, looking somewhere beyond her window.

The orgasm was not underwhelming. Not at all. But it was not enough.

There was never enough.

Cold showers always cleared the mind. That's why Nancy hated them.

Freezing. The water was almost icy, easily making her pale, snowy skin blush and heat the water into a layer of steam. Her priorities in life were clear, showing a skinny body that reflected some illusion of blissful teen innocence, from her flat belly to the tiny, pink bumps that were her nipples.

Even her pussy was held in a pristine manner. Flushed inner lips poking shyly from her puffy pussy lips, an immaculate little button right at the top, covered slightly, capping her beautiful 16-year-old virgin hole.

Her cheek bones and her prominent yet delicate jaw forged the magical appearance of a virtuous woman. Her now messy, curly hair, falls long and tucked behind her ears, often held on a pony-tail, made her look like a porcelain doll. Working her ass off at school also helped a lot to hide her own distorted invasive thoughts, coming out as a neat, must-protect genius.

But her legs were another story. A wonderful contrast, they were as plentiful and muscular as a 16-year-old girl could be, but surely not enough to be off-putting to those jocks peeking during P.E. The tempting beauty of the high-schooler that made grown men dribble with shameful, illegitimate lust.

It wasn't long after that when Nancy, walking down the stairs on her way to grab a snack, heard the too familiar echo of a quiet whimper. To her initial dismay, she thought of her mother. Then, the thought of her mother in an intimate moment in the living room became comparably calming to all the other possibilities that displayed themselves before her.

Her first instinct was to run -steadily, of course- to the basement,

where among the mess her brother et al. kept she could fall on some stupid figurine and make a bunch of noise that would notify a hypothetical serial killer exactly where she was. In a less likely scenario, she could make herself with a weapon.

Sadly, halfway down the stairs, the breathy enunciations resonated once again, this time louder and much clearer. She wasn't running from the wolf's mouth, rather she entered straight into it.

But something was... off. Whatever vile discovery awaited her behind the door started to seem somehow less threatening. It sounded like a rebellious teenager breaking in and stealing shit over a rape-murder scenario. The feeling of cautious panic became a still-cautious annoyance as she kept descending into the basement.

Before her eyes even adapted to the darkness, Nancy started to put the pieces together. Whoever invaded her house, was definitely a boy, regarding his delicate gasps and whimpers. That, and the sound of a rhythmic, wet drumming ordered the picture of a perverted youngling wanking on someone else's house.

Then, she saw a small, long haired figure behind a curtain that hid one of the beds that Mike's friends used as a bed during sleepovers. And everything came together for Nancy Wheeler.

His moans were delicate, timid, but not feminine. Her girl-friends said that boys hated making noise during sex, but that wasn't the case here.

Mike Wheeler was anything but silent.

Despite the soft quality of his enunciations, he didn't look like he was about to stop anytime soon. Rather than keeping quiet, he almost wanted to go further and let everyone know how much he was enjoying fucking his hand. The rhythmic wet drumming accompanied them, easily recognizable not as stabbing but the symphony of young natural lubrication in the theater of erotic exploration.

And he was going for it. Evidently new to the affair, he didn't have the experience to jerk off properly -as Nancy's magazines delved into-, but the playing of the hand on the shaft, trying to avoid touching the head. Ever so often, when the orgasm seemed close and euphoria rushed his mind, his hand would touch the head or push the still-attached foreskin a little too far and, with a wince of pain, he would be back at square one.

Poor Mike, he seemed so frustrated for his constant, painful regression. For a little kid, he had stamina.

That little shit is lasting a long time, Nancy thought after a while. Then, another voice added, in a sinister, almost provocative, whisper:

And you're still here, watching the whole thing.

A spark of childish-feeling guilt stroked her. Unjustified, Nancy concluded. She wasn't salivating over an 8-year-old that just so happens to be her brother, she was studying male behavior for future reference. Even if his masturbation technique was still unpolished and his little, somewhat fat and underdeveloped penis that was barely the size of her middle finger, in comparison to the studs that she imagined being manhandled by.

Mike was too skinny to manhandle anyone. In fact, in that situation, he would be the one being thrown around, forced into submission. But that would be too soon for someone his age.

It would be child-rape.

So, what if she was watching? He didn't close the door. Also...

Yeah, what was she still doing there.

A weak whisper came from the mess of blankets and pillows, trying to enunciate a coherent word.

"N-Nan..."

What the fuck, did he just say "mom"?!

"Na-ancy."

Nancy Wheeler managed to stop herself from falling as silently as she could, covering her mouth. If it was a question or just a barely articulated word, she heard it. *Holy shit, he saw me. What do I fucking do?!*

It was her fault. God damnit. What was she thinking?

There was no choice. She had to own it. A storm of excuses flooded her mind, too strong a swirl she could barely hang on to one.

She was about to answer with a weak squeal when he spoke again in the lustful stupor of a kid:

"Nancyyyyyyyyy, wanna eat my milk? You big fat pedo ♥"

With her hurting hand holding her breath, Nancy got to focus her eyes once again on her brother right as Mike started to masturbate harder. It should have been painful, as those other times. His hand accelerated, mercilessly punishing the glans, pushing back the foreskin with unsightly strength. Everything that Mike had avoided was coming back for the big finish.

Before her, Mike was unknowingly offering his sister the masochistic spectacle of an 8-year-old boy burning his dick to orgasm, all in the name of incest.

Nancy putted all together instantly, but the answer refused to register. Her belly was a pit of disgust and guilt. Now, more than ever, she had a reason to *-leave-* stay.

Mike, her brother, was fucked up. Maybe it was Will's disappearance, maybe he was born broken. Either way, he was. A prepubescent, scrawny, tiny-dicked mentally defective fifth grader. His own sister?!

The smell of precum hit her. Nancy Wheeler wasn't able to recognize what that odor was, but she could guess. There was no way. *He's only 8!*

This is so wrong.

His tiny dick started to twitch. With his free hand, Mike reached for something. The smell just made her feel worse. Bile burned her throat. It was revolting, the scenery of mental breakdown.

PLAT PLAT PLAT PLAT PLAT

Her gag-hand was suddenly moist with drool. Her eyes glued to her brother's cock, listening to him saying her name. But she was too concentrated alternating between his sweaty face, the mouth that summoned her and his tiny, hairless manhood. Soft and sweet, as the skin of a young, small kid tends to be. The preteen silhouette of an 8-year-old boy who dreamt of disgusting incestuous fantasies kept going down his downward spiral as his sibling watched.

This is a nightmare.

It was dreadful.

It was spellbinding.

Mike pulled out one piece of clothing. A white, boring looking set of

panties. Used, sinful and warm. Oh, what Mike must've felt was more than a fetish.

Mike Wheeler dreamt of **fucking** his sister. His older, smart, beautiful, mean-but-caring, fat-assed, nymphomaniac and borderline sexual predator blood-sister. So he took her panties, infused with the sweet smell of the 16-year-old voyeur -a smell already familiar to him-, and put them around his throbbing 8-year-old boy-cock.

A drown-out moan came from the boy, as his small, marble-sized testicles pressed against his crotch, pushing all the spurts of 8-year-old semen that they could produce against the soft fabric of Nancy's underwear. As it was pleasant, it also hurt a lot. Muffled by the child's climax, soft whimpers came from the sister.

She didn't saw him cumming, but she sensed him. The scene was filled with a bittersweet scent, not natural to semen. No. This smell screamed small. Underdeveloped. Infantile.

An 8-year-old boy should be having dry orgasms, if any at all. But her brother, the younger son, a mere child, was already playing with his dirty parts and had scorched her panties with baby-batter with all purpose and intention. He had to know that incest was wrong already, but he didn't care.

Even the slow masturbation after-orgasm sounded wetter. There was no denying it.

It was...

Nancy couldn't hold the vomit any longer, so she quietly rushed upstairs, leaving her brother alone with thoughts of his naked sibling. Before that, she made sure to take a deep whiff of the rarefied air.

Hypnotizing.

Nancy was not a stranger to incestuous fantasies. There were stories on her magazines that made it look very enticing. But when she thought about incest, usually within the first hour of edging, she thought of a big brother barge into her room while she was denying herself an orgasm, standing in the shadows. He would stand there, his cock towering before her, teasing her hunger.

And it was wrong. Incest was so wrong and disgusting and... thrilling. Maybe she wouldn't suck it, she could just put on a spectacle for the nasty pervert. Or maybe she would taste it. No one would know that she was feeding herself on a good ration of her big brother's filthy seed.

Maybe no one would notice if the bed squeaked as he grabs her by her toned thighs, forcing her on a full nelson, jamming his bull cock into her ass, raw. Just in case, he would choke her hard enough through the hammering in order to stop her from screaming to her parents how good sibling incest felt, as her colon got clogged from her brother's semen.

To some extent, she understood her brother. But Mike. Mike was real.

He was not a fantasy.

Heaving, she crouched facing the toilet, disgust filling her throat. The girl was shaking as she entered an intermittent, suffocating trance in which all she could see was a grade school dick contorting itself, expelling its forbidden sperm into his sibling's used, warm and musky underwear. A songful child moaning overlapping the images.

Her body burned with shame when she realized she had closed her eyes to enjoy it. To picture better those foul memories. At that moment, the 16-year-old felt just how fertile her young teen body was.

Nancy Wheeler was hyperventilating, humiliated before a latrine when the orgasm broke through. Never did she touched herself, but she still felt the moist, blasphemous twitching filtering her pussy-juices over her booty-shorts.

She enjoyed every second.

However, her sexual need came back sooner rather than later despite her sudden celibacy. Sure, she was not fingering herself, but that only left a warm, malnourished set of holes crying for the attention they were conditioned to receive. The mental fuzziness and horniness were complemented by the insomnia.

Since then, she memorized Mike's routine. And her body made its

own.

Nancy started to sleep completely naked. The nights were starting to get hot anyway. And, by midnight, her panties were too wet for continued use. And there was no reason to use a new pair, right? So, she just left the dirty ones, pervaded with her cunt's perfume, at the laundry and returned to her room, a few minutes before her brother started his ritual.

She also started to *forget* to lock her door. Peeking was not part of his habit, so there was no danger.

You're fucked up, Nancy Wheeler.

It had been a week with barely any sleep. And it was taking a toll on her.

A man's smell is never going to be as sweet as a child's, isn't it?

A child shouldn't be able to ejaculate in the first place.

The voice in her head was right. It was wrong. Demented.

For a second, the little weak Mike Wheeler stood in her room as an apparition, taking the place of her dreamt big brother. His wiener being so slight, delicate, but unnaturally erect. She didn't have any more panties to give. He would have to come for the fountain. A

child's face between her legs, ingesting her cunt's blessing.

It was wrong. But Nancy was never really bothered by wrongness.

Weren't you throwing up because your brother was thinking of you?

Yes. Her mind tried to wake up, feeling something in Nancy. Something that was there from the beginning. Fearing it.

Her body grinded against the covers as she recovered the memory of rarefied air.

"Mike can cum. Why can he cum? Is he special? Is my little brother a sexual prodigy?"

Maybe she should be wondering about the deeper psychological or even societal issues that could cause a little boy, who still plays with tabletop games and collects action figures from his favorite comics, to have sexual thoughts about his sister. But there was something even more concerning. She pondered about little kids for hours.

Little kids are forced to mature faster if they're molested.

Was Mike molested? Who did it? Mom? ...Dad?

No, Nancy was always at home with her. Mike was an outdoors kid. There was barely any time in the day. Her dad was either working or sleeping.

Really, it was easy to put together. His teacher asked him to stay after class. Not his gang, as usual, just him. It was about two years since that happened. That's why he knew what a child molested was.

He probably got off to being a kiddie-diddler.

Her veins burned as anger invaded her. *So that's why.*

Still naked, Nancy got up and walked to the door, a storm of despair flooding her mind. As she got out, the air of early morning should have made her shiver, but the 16-year-old girl just kept moving, a warm drop of cunt juice dripping down her leg.

The mere thought was infuriating.

The mere thought made her cunt slobber.

Back in the dirty laundry, there was a pair of panties buried among the clothes. Much messier than when she leaved them. The little bastard didn't even have the balls to clean them. What a lazy boy. Or perhaps he wanted to make sure at least some of it got into her slit.

That's how you get girls pregnant, Mike.

The smell resurfaced. Sugary, lustful. Wheeler put them closer to her nose. They were so dirty.

How fucking pathetic. The first flesh-and-bone naked man she ever saw was her own pre-pubescent brother.

Nancy had to clean them. So, she brought them up to her face and licked them, the slightly salty taste of her brother's cum and her own intermixed in her tongue as if tasting the remnants of a couple of lovers. The sticky substance of kiddie droplets remained in her mouth as she swished them, mixing them with her saliva and covering her entire entrance.

Then, in the mirror next to her, she opened it. Even in the dark, she saw a milky substance dribble into her lip.

Rage still was burning into Nancy as she tasted her brother's ejaculate, bigger than ever. She always wanted a boyfriend who's cum was thick enough for chewing, so she started to bite on the gooey, but she couldn't fool herself. She was willingly licking the fucked up, abnormal consequences of years of molestation.

Similar to her baby brother's drying cum, in the last month she felt her period out of whack. Something in her mind wanted the cum to be warm, as she almost felt her womb ripple under the desire of her ovulation.

Nancy could be many things, but she wouldn't be a child abuser. Child abusers used kids as tools. They would tell the poor little things that they loved them, but that was never the case.

Nancy would never be one of those disgusting ingrates.

No. She truly loved Mike. It wasn't the same.

She collected the sperm about to fall into her tongue and showed it to herself in the mirror once again. As she laid there, rolling her tongue in order to see the batch of boy-cum that she collected from her panties, her eyes glassed and cheeks flustered, Nancy smiled.

A beautiful grin. Genuine and twisted as such.

This is wrong, Nancy! It's incest, filthy incest! Not only that...

As she looked in the mirror, she could see all the little ways in which she was physically similar to her 8-year-old brother.

He's also 8! He's just a little child. Remember when you held him as a toddler?

Yes, it was immoral. She thought of how wrong it was as she put on her panties and pulled up her waist band so the part still touched by his prepubescent brother's seed would get pass her puffy pussy lips.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE DOMINATED, SLAPPED. B E A T E D. I can't be attracted to my baby brother! How can I be a fucking p-?!

No, she was not. She was also underage.

Nancy sat in the floor and fingered herself over the dirty, cum-covered panties, and thought about holding her brother as a toddler, barely a decade ago. She thought of her favorite little-boy, about his child-like behavior and how it made it hotter to think that he wanted to trespass a moral frontier with his much older sister.

Nancy reflected on all the flirts and compliments men gave her. Remarking how cute she was, how attentive. Countless references to her sinful body. She considered big ol' hunk Steve, with all the time she had dedicated to him. And how they all seemed meaningless compared to her little illegal brother jerking his insignificant cock that should not be able to cum, imagining about how wonderful committing incest with her would be, all because his teacher peaked and tricked and fucked of the cute shy middle schooler she should have protected.

She should have been the one doing it. That bitch had no right!

Nancy slapped her cunt. She wanted to do it again, but her hand didn't respond. It was too busy entering her, acting on its own as she masturbated. For letting her brother get raped. For going down that night. For thinking about how much she liked the taste and smell of incest, underage cum.

It all was so wrong ♥

Like that, Nancy Wheeler kept punishing her clit until she convinced herself that she had to fuck her tiny 8-year-old brother.

Mike Wheeler was laying among his Star Wars blanket, with half his body outside the warm covers that should shelter him. His hair, mushroom-looking, was messily scattered over his forehead, sticking itself to the skin on the remains of sweat. His sharp jaw, reminiscent to his sister's, laid slightly open as his pillow became damp with his spittle.

Despite the coldness that reigned, he was not wearing any pajamas, just some old, worn-out shorts.

Mike Wheeler was not in his room. He had fallen sleep where his friends used to gather before Will's disappearance. Somehow, that basement had transformed into a frame of nostalgic safeness.

Safe for escaping. Safe for sleeping. The hideout was tainted by a sexual smell that would make any sister sick to their stomach. Someone had marked his territory in a primal way, like an animal. Even kids acted on instinct. So, it was only natural that a sister would be disgusted.

At the edge of the stairs, with her almost naked, hunger-inducing pear figure silhouetted by street lights, Nancy Wheeler was a very special kind of sister. Going down as she followed, delighted, her blood-brother's little boy sex scent.

The tachycardia made her hands tremble. With every step, she could feel her ass giggle. She had saved that sculptured couple of firm meat buns for her ideal brute of a man, but now she was parading them to the *child* of her dreams.

Mike was gorgeous. His jaw was prominent, like hers, even in the girlish features that someday would could grow into a solid, manly jawline. But at the moment, it looked like fragile white porcelain. His lips were crimson red. His body was pale and slender, half of his 4,3 feet drifting to the side of the mattress, outside the covers. The skin of Little Mike ran smooth, clean and untouched by the cruel hand of growth.

When Nancy put her hand on his leg, she recon that it was still as perfect as when he was just a toddler. Her hand caressed his hip, down to his calves, and, slowly, back up to his inner thighs. Nancy's nails dug deeper into his skin, as if trying to stop herself for one last, desperate time, scraping slightly the little boy's taint.

Indirectly, she touched his little, forbidden, grade schooler sized balls. His deflated, sticky penis was nowhere to be found. Nancy just made up the tiny erection through the outline of his shorts. And she realized how truly fucked up the whole situation -she- was.

Her eyes focused on his sleeping face. They didn't flinch when she cowered at the edge of the made-up bed, softly clinging her mouth to his thigh with her right hand, while she groped his 8-year-old ass. She didn't care that she was projecting her huge indecent ass out to the danger of the elements, cold temperature violating her own pink underage holes, even over her cum-covered rags.

God, just his skin tasted great! A whole bunch of little sweet and bitter flavors filled her mouth as her tongue travelled to his groin. Even his sweat had this mesmerizing quality to it: she could see herself being happy tongue-cleaning every bit of him after a long PE class in the bathroom.

But the smell...

Somewhere close, still smelled like boy cum.

Her tongue and lips collected every ounce of tasty body savor as they travelled down his inner thigh, making Mike's little scrawny legs spasm instinctively as Nancy got closer to his crotch. For a worrisome second, Nancy thought her brother was about to wake up.

Then, pulling the short sideways in order to delve deeper into her sibling's genital area, realized she wanted him to see the naked 16-year-old sister of his fantasies humiliating herself in the middle of the night for him, making him watch as she touched herself thinking of her severely underaged little brother. To make eye contact to her brother as she drugged herself up with his 8-year-old baby batter.

A strong, almost rotten smell hit her. It was sour, candy-like. *Of course, a little kid would not know how to wash his dick properly*, she thought, as her eyes cried.

Before her, a couple of minute but fully functional baby nuts displayed themselves in all their pride. They were not rugged at all, like grown men or even teenager testicles tend to be, but completely smooth, almost undifferentiated one from the other. They still seemed so far away from maturity, a shining beacon of her brother's youthful, ideally innocent disposition that his age demanded. His

most lewd thought should be kissing a girl on the cheeks, not incest fantasies about filling his big sister a mouthful of deliciously forbidden kiddie semen.

A feeling of being absolute vile filled Nancy as she gazed onto his testes and winking little asshole. She never had liked the idea of rimming, but if it was a cute prepubescent boy butt, she could make the exception. Now, with more strength than ever, she cunt pulsed angrily, demanding her attention as pussy juice no longer fall down her legs, but downright dripped directly to the floor.

The mere fact of watching them was so malignant.

His penis was standing erect in all his 3 inches. Also absolutely silky, the white foreskin covered a tiny red tip that matched his lips. Crowning the cock, a white thick substance was emerging from under the foreskin, wrapping the head into a disgusting, dirty odor.

“That fucker can’t even clean him properly”, she muttered, thinking about her brother’s rapist.

Nancy, don’t! Don’t fuck yourself like this! Incest!

Mike was brought closer to consciousness when he felt something like a pull to his shorts in a brief, sharp move. His slumber quickly returning, he felt a warm, wet feeling going up his dick, a drown out sound that sounded like a moan in some far reality. His eyes only open wide when a disturbing, guttural noise came from somewhere beside the bed. He felt his heart jump and tried to lift himself, but all he did was fall from the mattress into the freezing ground.

A heavier body, clinging to his genitals like a claw, dropped over his leg, the head over his knee, somehow not hurting him. The light was barely enough for him to see a hand with carefully nursed pink nails gripping his shaft and sack with force. Despite being graceful and small, the grown-up hand still covered his entire penis.

It was a girl. The coughs sounded like she was suffocating, heaving wildly, about to vomit. The contrast between the ground and the warmth the figure settled for a second as she shook until it stopped. Then, the body crawled, still breathing heavily and erratically. He felt a tongue caress his leg as she quickly made her way back up.

All he could do was to moan. He saw her ass against the upper light. It was huge.

“Miiiiiss Rose...?”

A couple of almost familiar blue, greyish eyes emerged from the shadows. Mike froze. They were followed by the frame of Nancy Wheeler, her hair tied up in a pony tail and a bloodshot, swelling gaze. A couple of glistening tears falling over her cheekbones.

Her head disappeared one again behind his taint and the 8-year-old felt his sister lick with his taint, bitter and clammy from that preteen masturbation. His entire body jumped, all that teasing making his kiddie cock twist and harden until it became painful.

W-... who the fuck is Rose?

Nancy's mouth continued to kiss every part of the boy's genital anatomy. His butt, his balls, and back to his cock. Her mouth laid suspended right over the beautifully foul smell of his penis, breathing cold air to his burning dick, her eyes locked into his. That sight scorching Mike's terrified little mind.

"Who's that fat idiot who ruined you?", said Nancy, leaning her sweet pink lips over his shaft.

Nancy inspired deeply, the smell sizzling her nose. Her eyes. Her mind.

There was no answer. The teenage girl didn't pressure. She liked the mystery. She may have started even younger, then.

She took his cock between two fingers and pulled down his skin. A nauseating meaty sound revealed a decoration of thick yellowish stands and curdy chunks of rancid boy-milk.

"Your cock is as disgusting as I imagined when I kind of saw it the first time.", mentioned Nancy. Then she smiled, and, almost proudly added, "My baby brother's filthy cock-cheese almost kills his big whore sister!"

And Nancy eagerly jumped mouth-first, collecting as much of the child's smegma as she could. His entire cock fitted easily inside her trap. The shaft was so soft even while erect, it seemed to be melting.

There wasn't much smegma. He was a kid. But it was **so strong**.

Nancy never left Mike's eyes. Not even while gathering his dick waste.

The boy saw his sister's eyes squint and tearing up even further. For a few seconds, he saw her struggling to savor and swallow his remains. Suddenly, a torrent of spit leaked her mouth to his cock and belly as she coughed, her insides almost turning inside out. She shacked violently, gagged and did everything but to breath. Her face turned red, choking herself in shame and desire.

Her body rejected it. The smegma, the inbreeding and the pictures of who's dick it was. But her mind pictured dwelled in that idea, images of every stage of his life flashing before her like a nervous system attempting to dissuade her from going further. But the panicky voice that screamed her to stop was now in line with the wave of sexual need that flowed across her body.

INCEST INCEST INCEST INCEST INCEST~

Still not being able to swallow, she went and gulped once again the penis in all its tiny glory. With no real need to, Nancy started bobbling her head as her cheeks hollowed to caress further the crying pervert's member.

All the spasming and jolting milked him further.

He wanted to scream for help. For mom. But his cords were too busy in silent wailing.

“N-Nancyyy...”

A kick graced the girl’s flat chest. Not losing a second, her hands held his chins, practically locking him in place as she accelerated the sucking. There was not denying now. She was giving her baby brother a blowjob.

It couldn’t be helped. Among the fear and betrayal, there was pleasure.

“Stop! Stooooop! AAAARGH... I... peeeeeee....!!!!”

Before she could process the babbling, the first shot impacted the roof of her mouth. The base of his balls shrunk against her lips as they pumped a surprisingly long string of fucked-up child sperm on her. She felt herself jump, suddenly becoming self-conscious of her situation.

Hot and sticky, she was barely able to savor the salted substance before the second one flew right into her uvula.

Once again, Mike saw his sister contorting before a disgusting puke mixture of smegma and fresh kiddie cum was regurgitated on his

dick, hips and belly. She gapped her mouth and took a deep breath, complete reddened, before feeling a third or fourth spurt coming from the trembling boy-cock.

When it came out, she forgot about breathing and greedily consumed the soft appendage, as if it were the most important thing to have ever existed. She gasped for air, but didn't let go again. This time she tasted it properly in between ugly gasps. The consistency was barely thick, a thin gooey fluid that crept oh-so-near to her gullet, salty and yet somehow fruity; sweet in the way that just prepubescent underage boys.

With a grotesque and downright painful contortion, Nancy's throat finally let through the remnants of Mike's unwashed cum-cheese and fresh preteen ball-nectar. With a lewd, triumphant moan, she let the dick free and showed Mike what a good job her big sister did, cheesy pieces of smegma splattered around her lips, as a proud conquest standard.

"Look at how clean your cute 8-year-old cocklet is!"

As she talked, two of her fingers jerked him off.

Both of their faces were red and teary. Mike's was swollen in the way that just deep, unferraled misery could.

"N-Nancy."

She smiled when she heard her own name. Mike was covered his own eyes. His voice was quivering.

“Yes, cutie?”

“Please, stop...”

There was no further argument. No “this is wrong” nor complex thoughts. Just a kid asking for mercy from someone he thought he could trust.

The dicklet was not softening. The whore slurped some of the puked-out whiteish milk around his baby nuts.

“HMMMM, why didn’t you tell me you had such a delicious treat for me? From now on, I want to see it in every food I eat, every make-up I use and in every panty I wear.”, she pulled back, showing him his 3-inch throat-slob covered penis, “And look at how much cleaner it looks!”

Nancy Wheeler looked upon her infant brother. Separating her hand from him, the 16-year-old sexual predator stood up and, deliberately, took off her cum covered panties. As she positioned herself over his body, her soft 16-year-old meat buns hot-dogging his tiny hard erection, Nancy took a whiff and extended her underwear to her brother’s disbelieving face.

“Here, look at how good we smell together.”

She made sure to enunciate carefully every single word, softly and caring, as he sobbed harder when he understood what she was showing him.

“I saw you jerking off into my panties, calling my name. You’ve always been a loud little shit. Moaning like a whore in the middle of the night.”, her hand gripped once again the little cock and pulled down hard, like he did that one time, “Pounding your 8-year-old dick to your big sister. It was the most repulsive, despicable fucking thing a brother could do to his trusting sister. It’s your fault that I might now be addicted to the taste of your kiddie cum!”

As his sister beat his penis, Mike could barely think. He couldn’t see the contradictions as he apologized with a weak, pathetic voice.

“I’m sorry, Nancy! I can’t help it! My peepee felt funny! I love you! Please, don’t tell mom!”

Nancy’s grinded on his oversensitive cock, enjoying the sight of Mike uncovering his eyes at the sensation and trying to pull back. He slipped a bit before she closed her legs around his hips and buried her nail on his torso. The little boy was fighting, moving his pelvis back and forth, dirty soggy noises came from the struggle of the little uncircumcised phallus, as the rape-induced seed moistened further the teen girl’s entrance, moan and cry made indistinguishable.

Both made lewd movements until the thumb-wide dick-nose stopped massaging the steamy 16-year-old slit, instead pointing upwards and entering slightly into her soaked cock-warmer. That was the moment to stop.

But she never let go.

A family of contrasts. On one hand, the loving surprise of a big-but-nowhere-near-an-adult older sister, and the genuine, absolutely dreadful expression of a preteen, traumatized, long molested little brother. He shrieked.

“NANCY!”

Maybe their parents heard him. Maybe they did not.

Either way, Nancy just whispered a soft moan as the seated, the 3-inch kiddie dick sinking between her folds, the miniscule meat-stick barely touching the walls of her tight dripping virgin pussy. His sister’s insides were so hot that it actually burned. Mike convulsed, looking like he had run a 20 miles marathon without rest nor water.

Every desperate jerk made the child molester’s whine louder, holding strongly to his weak, pathetic prepubescent body. All that force. All that fighting. So much childish energy exceeding from the ravished infant.

“I love you too, Mickey.”, she managed to say among a series of disbelieving puffs.

She went in for a French-kiss. But all she managed to do was kiss his

forehead. The child was just too fucking small.

Raw, Mike's throat gave up on crying. Just solemn tear-jerking remained as he felt as his dick tried to condition itself to the sensation, almost trying to adjust itself to the feeling of boiling water. It was way hotter than Rose's. Then, the high-schooler, still affectionately filling his head with kisses, lifted her teen ass, almost taking the cocklet out, and slammed back down.

Cords of boy-cum and lumps of coagulated smegma disappearing inside her. Mike's terrified little mind was filled with the sound of his sister moaning directly into his hear, making sure he knew how good molesting him felt.

The entirety of her baby brother's penis was throbbing. He scratched her back. From somewhere below, someone asked her to, please *please*, stop. But he knew that he had to suffer through it. Otherwise, she would tell mom.

Her own voice muttered her name, agonizing, as her pussy was raised and the movement repeated, a wet sound of pussy-juice and sperm mixing and going in inside her.

All Mike felt was the fiery heat of the 16-year-old insides leaving his pussy-juice splattered cock, the cold air of night giving a truly unpleasant contrast, dwarfing his already small testicles. Not a second later, his sister's jailbait cunt came back down to shelter it.

"I love my baby brother so much I'll put fresh new panties for him every night so he can have the best times jerking off to incest

thoughts. But Mike's big sister doesn't want him to hate her because he can't make them true. I know so many brothers that hate their sisters because they can't use them."

Stopping for a second, Nancy checked Mike's cock. It was surrounded by a mess of boy-filth, but the penis itself shined under the cunt-based lubrication. Everything that once glassed it was now inside her, cleaning it like a meat cumrag. The thrill made her a little rough, and the bouncing became harsher.

Mesmerized, she saw how her brother's dick disappeared inside her, being engulfed over and over again. Nothing in her porn mags told her about the musical clapping that fucking entailed, as her bubble butt clashed against his fragile hips. She lifted her head, making sure that her little brother saw how fast she could take his 3-inches, how she could keep it as deep as she could and dance lewdly, all for her baby bro. Every time her cunt gulped it down, it seemed like an addict going back to their drug.

Her toned, completely exposed ass, bouncing up and down. Fucking without obvious regret a fucking 8-year-old. Her mouth hanging open at the overwhelming sensation, occasionally smiling at him.

Like a happy, stupid bitch.

"Does my pussy feel good?", asked her, barely understandable. "My first time is with my cute little brother!"

Mike didn't answer. If he tried, he would probably have a coughing attack. He wanted to disappear.

Somewhere among the burning sensation and the pain of his little underage foreskin stretching unnaturally for his teen sister, it felt good. A tickling, pleasuring feeling. He wanted it to stop and just wake up.

Rose's pussy was old and used. There was no point of comparison. When he managed to pull his eyes from that image, he saw his sister.

Nancy was there, but also something else. A demonic, lustful shine.

"It's called incest, Mike. It's only for the brothers and sisters that love each other the most."

A couple of big drops of pussy juice coated his face in sheer copulating pressure. His attention returned to the trauma-inducing spectacle before him. That hawk, miss Rose, said that her dirty parts were wet because she loved him. But she always hit him, called him names.

Nancy was scary in a different way. She seemed like she would never stop in all her youthful, pubescent energy. It was painful, but she didn't appear to notice or do it in purpose. Her cute ex-virgin cunny was not only warm, but it hugged -nay, *milked* him, urgently shaping the insides into a child's cock-warmer.

More importantly, Nancy's cunt was not wet. **It was *drooling*.**

“It feels so wrong, but only because jealous people don’t want anyone to know how good and nice it is. Only people that can’t trust their brothers or sisters say it’s ba~ ooooooh ♥♥♥”

The teen was barely able to talk. Every time she opened her mouth, a bunch of incoherent jabbering before anything comprehensible came from it. The sex odor that filled the room almost seem like a conquest; kiddie musk overpowering the cunt smell and drugging the underage pederast into a child-molesting frenzy.

At the tender age of 8, Mike Wheeler wanted to die.

But, at the same time, something inside him wanted to keep going when he felt her legs shaking. Among the unbearable pain, the pleasure became clearer, greater than ever before. Not even his quality-time with Nancy’s soft panties felt ever that intense.

Nancy cooed among gritted teeth, starting to breath like an animal. He understood she was feeling the same thing he felt when he shoots his goo when their eyes met. Despite their differences, she was truly like Rose. She was a...

“Pedophile...”

His voice broken and sour.

The part that was not directly delighting itself on incestuous baby-making screamed in protest louder than ever. Her eyes, barely open,

showed complete bewilderment. And she met Mike's ravished, maimed gaze.

Stop! Stop it! You fucking disgrace. This kid is fucking traumatized. Why are you getting off to it?! I CAN'T BE A FUCKING PEDOPHILE.

She felt tears.

But his words were the final drive she needed. She was too weak to stop raping her sexy 8-year-old brother. It was too thrilling. Eagerly, her pussy-flesh enveloped the child's member tightly and milked him violently, as her moans became louder.

Nancy Wheeler may be the rapist, but it was Mike who owned her.

Covering her in his stink, forcing her promiscuous teen cunt to reshape itself to fit and feel his dirtiest parts. Her fertile womb aching at the feel of his skin, his pleas for mercy, his immature voice and the beating of their shared-blood erecting his grade-school penis.

Her arms aligned against the cold floor for better friction and kept increasing the intensity. In no time, she passed from beating herself on his penis to her **plunging his handsome, delicate child hips**. Nancy never stopped crying, but she no longer felt sadness or guilt.

"You wanna see your big sister with a big fat preggo belly?"

The rhythm changed, intermitting between hard child-fucking and playful teasing. Fast and slow and back to fast. At every instance, her still-minor ass cheeks clapping together.

The pain was gone, except for the one inflicted by his own blood pumping and throbbing inside her. Mike felt so good. His brain was melting, forever ruined. The movement and the luscious look of his sister as she stroked him with her warm, soft pedo cock-snuggler. She looked beautiful naked, on top of him, moaning like an idiotic cum-addict.

There was a void in his heart. But making his dick feel good was more important.

She noticed that Mike was no longer pushing her away but instead digging his fingers into her sides, nails scratching her flat belly. His eyes were bulging, wild, as he groaned like a rabid dog.

When she lifted her hips, mischievous, his tiny 8-year-old body clashed loudly against her hips. Her whines morphed into something that Mike recognized as the sound of something escaping past a grin.

He tried to held her butt, but he couldn't reach it. So he just trusted, without rhyme nor reason. He was so close to cumming, but the edge just extended itself and a climax never came. Despite his skinny little cock, her teen cunt was holding him tight enough to make the semen clog in the shaft. All he could do was to watch his kiddie rod be swallowed by the delightful shape of his sister's gash.

And the wide amplitude of her hips. Despite her being only 16, they

were strong and alluring. Made for breeding.

Mike didn't know anything about baby-making. Nancy did. And yet, she didn't do anything to stop him from drowning his ovulating pussy with boy sperm.

The pedophile felt the last of her higher cognitive functions vanished as the groomed child whimpered loudly and uncontrollably as he fucked his only sibling pregnant. Finally free, rope after rope of 3rd grade underdeveloped baby-batter was shot towards her womb with unexpected force. Nancy felt her brain melt, and wondered if the brain damage was permanent.

Then, she realized that it didn't matter if she had a child to fuck.

She was supposed to have a loud, screaming orgasm, but no sound came from her throat-pussy. Her slit convulsed, milking further the child, jerking him off with her insides. Trying to spurt something, her nipples compressed excitedly.

It was the strongest orgasm that Nancy ever had.

His marble-sized, smooth child balls churning painfully, rushing all the infant cum the could produce into his mate, breeding the throbbing incestuous teen whore. An insane smirk reflecting the feeding of the child's brain with new vile synapses and rewarding such despicable event. His swimmers, happily released to his ovulating sister's womb, scorched his 8-year-old brain beyond repair.

Nancy pulled out and stumbled towards the mattress, surrounded by Dungeons and Dragons figurines and a mess of collectible playing cards whose rules only a nerd could understand. Falling face first over Princess Leia, in a trance, she quickly reincorporated and raised her torso. A few drops of her baby bro sludge crawled out before she lifted her ass, enjoying the sensation of it creeping back down her womb. Barely able to move, her ass bounced, wiggling the warm muck.

What in the world could ever compare to her brother filling his fucked-up baby seed inside her?

The mere thought of hunky Steve felt like a joke now. All because of her 8-year-old sibling's soothing infant cock.

Quivering, a spurt of femcum flew whorishly from her princess hole. The mere idea of being pregnant with an incest baby was met with uncontentious desire. But cum from a boy that **young** might be weak, unable to reach the necessary depths for proper inbreeding.

And she was a teenager. Maybe her underdeveloped body would refuse to impregnate itself with the first round of boy-cum that filled her cunt.

And she also was a pedophile, and wanted no more but the youngest, most improper cum she could receive.

Mike's raped body laid down, breathing heavily. He seemed to be crying as he stood up, but Nancy couldn't really tell nor care.

Still as hard as a 8-year-old could be.

The voice of a teasing fucked-up bimbo came instead of Nancy's usual nurturing tone.

"Oh! Did it hurt when your big sister raped you, little one? You want to go and cry to mom about how your mean sister made you cum twice inside of her? Go, if you truly hate me that much.", her meat-buns clapped softly as she danced, talking seemingly to herself.

His entire crotch wet with all kind of sex fluids; Mike incorporated himself. His eyes shined and his penis pulsated the spectacle that his sibling put on for him over his childhood memorabilia. A string of precum hanging from his raw erection.

"Or you can come here and use my bitch-holes to make yourself cum over and over again. And feel good and show your sister how much you love her. And if you don't love me, you can just **violate me and ruin my fucking life** by breeding me with your wonderful baby cock!"

A blur, Mike rushed and hold to her plump teen ass-meat as he smashed his cockhead against her clit, trapping it briefly on his foreskin. Their sensitive sex organs kissed. His little body smacking on her glutes, pushing her buttocks higher while trying to reach her pussy, that teased him with its heat.

The child was pounding wildly, losing balance as he tried to return to

his sister's cozy flesh-coat. Nancy, with a smile in her moronic bitch-face, lowered her ass-mound and felt the little boy climb and ram himself in at a staggering pace, her cunt gripping his dick, welcoming it.

It was like being mounted by a sex-crazed puppy. Mike pushed forward until she laid flat on her chest. He climbed after her and grasped to her waist, frenetically digging his 3-inch elementary school cock into her soft, humid teen fuckhole.

His cute moans were short but constant, barely inhaling before the sucking of her walls force him to release. This energy and strength enamored Nancy, feeling helpless on the siege.

"I love you, Mike. I love feeling and tasting your preteen cum! Give me more! I fucking need it!"

Mike didn't listen. All he cared was to milk himself further into that beautifully elegant 16-year-old pussy. He pounded tirelessly, feeling the pressure of her meat as it contorted his cock. His eyes were lost, focusing into only the sensation, laying his head on her back and biting sharply her skin, using it to fuck her faster.

It was just the natural state of siblings to fuck. Nancy understood that as her cunt shaped itself on the form of his tiny dicklet and she came over and over again in the face of his animalistic impulse.

Her own primal urges made her use whatever energy she had left to push backward, always wanting all 3-inches inside her. He was trying to extend himself all over her body, but he could only reach her loin.

At the head of the bed, among others, laid a picture of their family. Mother, father, brother and two sisters. All smiling at the scene.

She fixated her attention on it for a second, before watching her own reflection on it, her little brother climbing on her and her own slut expression. Another bunch of lubrication spurted where the dick and cunt connected, and she met the new orgasm clenching her teeth, smirking, her eyes rolling to her skull.

The pussy clenched the little boy and milked her further until he released his bite and whimpered as he shot another round of preteen semen as deep as he could. He managed to shoot twice before his convulsing body forced him to take it out, still discharging kiddie sperm, firing all over her back. Knowing what was happening, Nancy turned around and received a fat string of child cum on her left eye. She moaned like a slut at the pain, relishing at her brother's conquest.

Not a second later, he was back to fucking his sister. Lifting her hips, he positioned himself over her, tiptoeing, and pushed down. There was barely any pleasure left, but he needed to continue churning his own cum inside her. A meaty, moist sound accompanied the musk. Both siblings were completely drugged up in the scent of their debauchery.

"Please, please, Mike... call me a pedophile again.", asked needily his whore.

But he was too busy to react immediately. It took a while for the feminine child voice to respond:

“Disgusting pedo... rapist pedo!”

“NGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH”, a moaning mess, Nancy was absolutely elated, “I’m my brother’s big filthy pedo-breeder! Make me pregnant, Mike!”

“Pregnant!... get pregnant!”

He just kept going, accelerating. A new set of incest swimmers flew right into her. Nancy managed to leg-lock him, so he couldn’t escape his duty. Still, a bunch of cum overflowed and dripped. Mike didn’t stop for a few seconds, so all she could do was to open her mouth and extend her tongue, expecting some of it to fly right over.

The boy only let out a deranged giggling as he saw his stupid breeding sow.

“Your disgusting swimmers are tearing me apart!”

Mike was incapable of understanding anything. But she was so happy.

Completely spent, he fell over to his sister’s embrace and both were asleep right away. None caring if they were found in the morning. However, Nancy positioned herself very carefully, so any morning woods went straight in her leaking, child-molesting baby-maker.

As in sleep paralysis, Nancy couldn't move at all. She was barely awake when her brother drifted in the middle of the night and stood up.

Who was he?

Who was *her*?

Semi-conscious, Nancy felt her nose pinched. In an instinct, she opened her mouth, although barely.

Uncaring and also sleepy, the boy grabbed her by the hair and twisted her head violently. She felt her neck crack when she faced his new erection and Mike pushed his cock into her mouth. She didn't recognize who it was, but it was certainly a mere child. Too withered to respond with a proper sucking, she just felt as it entered, as it got wetter with spit.

The only thing her useless brain could conjure as he face-fucked her harder was the fact that he didn't seem to care if she was even alive, only that she was warm. And a sting of pride filled her and she drifted back into morbid dreams.

Karen Wheeler was set out with a new-found freedom. Generally, all her routine was to stay at home and share an occasional coffee in the backyard with a neighbor, always making sure to take good care of Kelly. But now, she was waiting in line for the school theater, accompanying one of her long-lost friends for her son's first performance.

Nancy had seemed to get a sudden rush of maturity, wanting to always take good care of the house, to cook dinner and look after her siblings. Really, Karen never saw her daughter as a stay-at-home woman, but the last few days made her reconsider, but it wasn't a complaint. She had time for herself. To spend with her friends.

Time to miss every call from Nancy's highschool, worried for her sudden absence.

Even when she was home, Nancy would sneak in and disconnect the phone.

Either way, she was proud of her. Of how grown-up her 16-year-old was behaving, loving and caring. Nancy even... felt different.

She was wearing a bunch of skimpy stuff, cutting her shorts further, turning them into what's basically lingerie. Karen was worried, because she always saw her son with a tiny tent in his pants. She sure hoped that it wasn't because of that. It would be one less awkward conversation to have with him.

Nancy also smelled different.

Something about it was uncomfortable.

Foul, rotten.

The stench of a dominated incest whore.

Nancy loved to watch all her brother's kiddie paraphernalia in his room. There were all kind of decorations all over the place. A half-constructed Lego Death Star laying in the floor, a mess of small bricks and assembly pieces waiting for an unsuspecting foot. A big Indiana Jones poster hanging from the door. In the night stand, some wizard tokens from his D&D games.

More impressive was gorgeous, life-size fuck doll that laid on his bed, in the shape of someone who looked like his sister. But that is not how a 16-year-old should look like.

Her hair stiff, messy under a layer of dried out sex fluids and spit. Not her brother's, but her own. Eyes red and swollen. Dry heaving as thick pieces of the boy's reeking smegma refused to dislodge from her throat.

"I am.... UGGGGGHH... a fucking failure! I can't swallow a child's rotten cock-thrash." she wondered, fingering herself.

Mike was rubbing his dick on her cheek, drawing lines with his

precum on the smooth skin of the teenager. His own stench was making him dizzy.

“Nancy! My peepee still smells like spoiled milk!” complained Mike.

But really, he just wanted to put it back in her mouth. He didn’t care if she was about to barf.

All he wanted to do is to feel good and cum over and over again inside his sister.

“Ooooooh, we can’t have that! UUUUGH- What would your friends think?”, she cooed, opening her legs wide, showing off her skinny teen body, smiling at the relief her now sex-addict brother had in his face. “I guess you can use your favorite meat-rag to leave it shiny and cute, as I try to swallow your fucked-up and delicious kiddie-butter.”

Undaunted, the preteen penis roamed her torso in a blur, leaving in her left nipple a print of spunk-rot. Sent in a fit of deranged, spoiled fit of giggles, Mike happily slid his insignificant member into the drenched hole.

The flesh quickly grappled him, sucking everything that his urethra could spout. Her uterus started to palpitate, mirroring the anxious wait for the regular pounding that they conditioned onto their bodies the last week. By this point, his foreskin already rolled backwards naturally so she could feel the minute red hot cock-head massaging her walls, almost mirroring her own boiling cunt.

Just by putting it in, Mike moaned. His legs shook as he dozed off.

Nancy pushed herself back and forward, just enough to masturbate the 8-year-old. Her breath became quicker when he just stood there and didn't immediately started to thrust his dick inside her.

"W-what happened? Don't you wanna see your big sister bloated with your incest babies? C-come on! Breed your slut."

Mike stared at her, taking his dickie out of her. It was bright with cuntsyrup, but still not completely clean. She complained trying to trap him with her legs.

"Call yourself a pedo."

A moment of silence fell. A gush of girly love-juice dripped upon hearing the request. Having the patience of a child, Mike didn't wait for an answer and just plunged in and starting trusted, hugging her belly and hearing it contract itself in the prospect of swelling with babies.

In good theory, Nancy shouldn't feel at all his 3-inches. But the image of her brother fucking her like an animal, a complete preteen nymphomaniac, was like having high-powered vibrators all over herself, forcing her into an orgasmic bliss. Nancy had to compress her cunt in unnatural ways to feel him, and she was willing.

Like Mike, all she cared was to feel good.

Would anyone fuck a child otherwise?

Not a minute later, Nancy was having her third orgasm of the day, drowning her guttural enunciation on his He-Man pillows. Sharply, she pulled out, the kiddie penis now completely clean, and kissed him. Confused, he just opened his mouth and let her tongue dance around inside him. He was on the edge, and he lost. A stream of boy-milk crawled through his urethra, inflating the shaft, pointing upwards to his sister's belly.

The soft hand of his sister grabbed the penis by the middle and blocked the release, which was already halfway his dick. Just a dropped escaped, falling over his foot.

Mike started to moan, confused and hurt. His hands tensed up and swung wildly, eyes bulging out.

“N-Nancy! I want t- UUUUUGHHHHHH. CUUUUM!”

His sister just leaned and, without loosening her grip, licked the drop of semen off his foot. Reincorporating, she kissed his little belly and looked upon the eyes of the suffered child. Nancy pushed his cum backwards as she started to jerk him off. He grabbed her hair and tried to push her face to his cock.

“Are you really gonna waste your cum over me? No, that's not how it works. Your job is to drain your baby-balls as deep inside your big sister until you make me fat and happy with a litter.”

Nancy kept masturbating the child, feeling the cumulus of kiddie nut painfully bloat his length. All he wanted to do was to cum. To release.

He grabbed his own penis, shaking, holding this sperm in place for her. She crawled back to the bed and started to move her teen ass for him, as she uses to do. The boy jumped and let go his cum, babyjuice splattering her walls with as much force as his prepubescent muscles could conjure.

The air was filled with boyish whimpers.

“You’re doing so good!” congratulated Nancy, her voice becoming almost motherly, “My sexy little brother is so cute that I can’t wait to be also the mother of his babies. My princess parts swallow your cum like honey!”

Mike flustered, his erection never dwindling. Barely, he was beginning to understand the mechanics of pregnancy.

“I-I want to make you pregnant! I will fuck you lots!”

“Really? You’re gonna breed me like a bitch? Bitches have looooots of puppies!”

“Yes!”

Mike launched himself, burying around 1,5 inches in her needy, inbreeding cunt, being stopped by the 16-year-old ass-meat from entering whole. Nancy stumbled and smash her face against the window, dry out smegma planting itself on the glass.

“God, I love being a pedophile ♥♥ I should be dead but I’m fucking my little brother instead!”

She heard the child giggle again. The youth was *drilling* her.

Her brain useless, she accompanied the laughs, licking the thrash out the crystal. It was then when she noticed someone watching.

A man, their neighbor. Watching the jailbait slut pressing her non-existent tits on the glass, enjoying herself as if that was the happiest moment of her life. What a fucking disgusting creep. From that angle, he couldn’t see that she was also a kiddie-lover.

Nancy exploded, screaming. The voyeur heard everything, watching as she collapsed.

The kid kept ramming, muttering to himself. It was amazing how good it felt, every time. Nancy raped him, like Rose, but he liked being raped by his sister. He didn’t stop until every last drop was sucked by his sister’s pussy-sleeve.

Tired, he contemplated her. It took him a moment to notice that she was still cumming. A bit of his sperm escaped her contorting pussy. It

looked like she was dying, just barely alive movements and rolled-back eyes.

“Bitch.”

When Nancy became aware again, Mike was sleeping. It must've passed just a minute, since the cream leaking from her was still hot and fresh, but she wasn't sure. Either way, all she did was to finger the cum right back in.

Mike knew that it wasn't normal to enjoy being raped.

The mere word was nasty and rough. He associated it with nightmares and fear. Miss Rose loved being called a rapist, and she forced him to scream and pled to her as she masturbated with his body.

But with Nancy it was a completely different story. He didn't want to get caught and, yet, he couldn't stay quiet. Everything sent his mind to heaven. Her voice, her laugh, her kisses, her now more successful attempts at swallowing down rotten skin and cum, and, of course, her bitch-holes.

It made him feel dizzy. Seeing her appear for him at the school's entrance after sneaking out her own high-school made his heart skip several beats. The teen girl was always glowing with beauty, all his.

She had a mid-thigh white skirt, along a red flowery blouse. As usual, her hair was tugged behind her ears.

Dustin noticed that both of the Wheeler's had huge eyebags.

That day, she seemed particularly happy. And he was particularly horny. All 3-inches of his girth pressing against his pants, as Dustin described the new Dragon's Lair arcade, they had at the Game Center. Nancy was a little far from the rest of the congregation, but that didn't stop Dustin from following him all the way to his sister.

"Hello, Mike! Hi, Dustin!"

"Hi, Nancy! Babysitting again?", muttered Dustin. "Want to come with us and play in the arcade?"

Mike felt himself burning looking at her. It was like ringing a bell to a hungry dog. She was all smiles and happiness since she missed her "period". The kid didn't understand what punctuation had to do with anything.

"Oh, darling, we can't!", said she, looking at her little preteen brother, biting her lips, "It's a very special day and we more important things to attend to."

"I'm taking the bitch for a walk", said Mike.

For a second, he thought he had taken it too far. Dustin was bewildered, not considering for a second that his best friend was talking about his sister. However, he saw something in Nancy.

Some liquid was streaming down her thigh, glistening in the evening's sun. Dustin was too young to understand why a girl would not wear any panties. She peeked around. It was plagued with parents.

Maybe not one would notice. Probably.

She got on her knees, bended over to the waiting mouth of her 3-grader brother. His tongue slipped out before her lips consumed it, sucking lewdly as Dustin watched open-mouthed, witnessing indecent amounts of saliva being shared between the two siblings.

Back and forth, the teen girl made out with her brother. She made wet, sloppy noises as the boy moaned into her mouth.

Nancy stopped molesting the kid, but Mike wanted to keep going, instinctively moving his hips slightly. He tried to hold her hair, but she blocked his attempts. Throat-slop drifted down her chin as she looked towards Dustin, smiling as if it nothing unusual had happened.

“You want some too, Dustin?”

“I- I...”, as all he could answer.

Still squatted, the teen grabbed the back of his head and pushed it towards her. He resisted, but Nancy ignored all his little futile defiance. Their lips met and he felt her slimy appendage slip right through his missing upper teeth, caressing and licking his naked gums.

Dustin was a mess of shudders. He felt absolutely violated. He wanted to bite her tongue, but what would people say if he were to hurt a girl?

Just a few seconds passed, but for the boy it seemed like ages.

She finally broke the kiss and laugh to the horrified face on the child. Nancy bit her finger, flirtatious and mischievous, as if pretending to repent for a wrongdoing.

“I’m sorry, Dustin, but your gums are so cute! I need to train myself into knowing how will they feel for when I tongue-kiss my future baby!”, she said, sobbing her belly, “Did you know I am pregnant? I learned that today!”

Each word grew in pitch, injectated with inscrutable lust. Her skirt lifted and exposed her entire naked underside, as she sucked her finger intently.

“My breast hurt and they will spill milk like my cunt spills pussy-

juice and Mike's baby-batter! Congratulate Mike for being the daddy.", she laughed, looking at her brother, "Do you think it will be born retarded?"

The sound of a big engine approaching suddenly broke her slutty display. Fast, she took her brother's hand and crossed the street. The bus stopped right across, a big drawing of Hawkins on its side. Dustin, dumbfounded saw them take a seat as they went on to celebrate.

"How could you kiss Dustin?"

Mike asked that question, clouded under anger and sexual needs. Yeah, she explained why, but Mike had no understanding of complex motivations or associations. Sitting on the aisle seat, the boy didn't look her in the eyes as he muttered.

Nancy took a second to take note of his words, as she removed her hand from her drenched crotch when a man passed next to her.

"Ooooooooooh, are you jealous, daddy?"

She took his head and slowly placed it on her chest. Then, she whispered:

“I just want to be ready to nurture our future sex-toy. How can I know how a baby’s kiss will feel? And don’t ever forget it...”

Nancy’s hand, with expertise movement, exposed his tiny cock to the air of the bus. Trying to hide it, the boy put over his bag, but the masturbation was not helpful to keep it in place.

“... you’re my only brother and I will not fuck with anyone who isn’t. I’m your...”

One stroke, harder than the last one.

“... personal...”

Three more, fast. The lewd clapping was now fully audible. And so were his contained moans.

“... pedo-slut.”

A girl, not older than 14, watched them from the next window seat. What Nancy imagined was her mother was with her in the next seat, half asleep, with a little boy in her lap.

The 16-year-old smiled as she jerked her brother. Carefully and clearly, she enunciated silently “He’s my brother” to her, directing her gaze to the boy in the mature woman’s thighs. Maybe. Just maybe.

The girl was probably too busy looking at an early sexual evolution. The teen girls shared an accomplice look as the boy held to his seat as hard as he could. The usual smell came to her nose. Not as strong as usual.

After all, his conquering childish dick-waste she insisted on rubbing all over herself by attempting to swallow it doesn't build up in a day. But now, it was a special occasion.

Nancy saw the other girl cross her legs. Could she understand what being horny is?

In a move, the dick was back in his pants. Breathing heavily, Mike looked at her, resembling a feral puppy.

It was late, almost noon, but the playground still had a few kids around. Even with the street-lights glowing, the inside of the enclosed wooden tower that was on further top of the slider was enveloped in a dim glow. There, a completely naked 16-year-old celebrated her teen pregnancy by stuffing her cunt with the insignificant 3-inches of her younger, preteen brother.

She loved it. She loved the sound of the rusted swing and kids bickering so near to an act so morbid.

The child cock was shoved in over and over again, a cacophony of drowned moaning barely audible from outside, where the parents

pretended to pay attention to their offspring. He couldn't trust as intensely as he wanted, since she was on top this time, slowly jerking her hips over his tiny body, facing him, feeling his mouth awkwardly sucked on her soon-to-lactate nipples.

Somewhere inside, an almost elder voice seemed to tell Nancy that it was a terrible idea, that such promiscuity and demented displays of moral degeneracy could only lead to horrible consequences. But thankfully, Nancy had lost her ability to think a while back, after she started to rape her preteen brother.

The only head she needed was that of her brother's tiny cock buried inside her cunt. Brains? All her brain did was to tell her when she wanted to feel good, what made her feel good.

Committing heinous acts of incest was of no concern. Even if that meant to make her brother into a barely human creature, who only thought about cumming at age 8.

Oh, yeah. The whole pedophilia business. Her ass slapped harder against his taint, and she pushed him over the wall as she did her best to kiss his mouth deeply, butterflies swarming in her belly. Copious amounts of pussy-slop extending over their flesh as she thought of how young her little boy was.

Clearly, she didn't care any longer about being a child molester. In fact, she *loved* it. She couldn't help it, so why bother? If she wanted to fuck a little preteen body, and be turned on by how untouched his figure is by the curse of growing up, she just would do it, even better if her brother filled all the standards. She also loved him.

Her cunt muscles tighten, masturbating him messily with her insides as she felt her own orgasm approaching. God, she loved child cock.

And if her dumb, stupid, rotten fucking brain told her that she was turned on around children, then she would fuck around children.

Nancy felt his cock throbbing and drove her hand downwards, fingering her clit. She wanted to cum with him, to experience the melting of their futures together. From the first fuck, every orgasm had been stronger than the last.

Mike was so fucking hot. Not another male could ever compare to his 8-year-old self. The hairy, muscular bodies that she dreamed of now seemed disgusting. They were gross. They were meant for sex.

Nancy couldn't wait to deep-throat their new-born with her tongue.

Nancy broke the kiss, leaned to his ear and moaned his name. Thanked him for making her a teen mother and beg him for more. Doing all the nasty shit that her magazines described to do, she acted like his own personal high-school porn-star.

At dusk, they've had been teasing each other for hours, the heat of their bodies never shrinking. Now, at the scenery for wholesome fun for kids, a quiet slap filled their forbidden love, sweating profusely under the late temperature. Mike's hair was a mess and he was exhaling heavily, moaning under his breath.

Nancy stood, only the tip of his penis inside. Her legs shook under the primal instinct to just squat back down, but she held to her will. The boy's dick throbbed. His hips hurt from his sister's weight and the constant barrage of dick-flattening she embarked that evening.

He was also tired.

But all those things were secondary to what he wanted. And he wanted his petite kiddie penis forever trapped among his sister's folds, and shoot cummies where the baby is to feed it properly and keep it warm.

"Aren't you gonna fuck me, darling?", pouted Nancy, "Aren't you gonna congratulate me on having our beautiful baby?"

The 8-year-old hips cracked as he lifted his butt off the wooden seat. His legs became numb. But he still carried on plunging Nancy as deep as he could, his kiddie foreskin going all the way back and driplets of precum leaking, anticipating his orgasm. A barrage of slams followed, as the child strained his body for pleasure.

Nancy knew it hurt. But he still fucked her. The youth would do anything to keep feeling good. Before, Mike would create homebrew stories for his friends to play in pointless tabletop games. Now, all his mind could conjure is his sister's dripping gash.

They were no longer silent. The slapping was loud and the moaning barely concealed. Oh, how little did they care about being found out. The effort that the child had to endure to reach the depths of his sister was enough to cloud any other worry. It was amazing how a

cunt meant for teen boys and men could adjust itself for children.

“What are you doing?”

YES! It was the voice of a kid. A child.

Nancy laughed.

Boyish hips slapping her clit sent her into an orgasmic spiral, Mike shooting strand after strand, his swimmers gathering and rushing to her already impregnated womb, as if to meet the barely formed fetus.

Unsatiated, the boy kept fucking her. It was amazing. He was experiencing lot of little dry orgasms by refusing to stop the assault. Nancy's own climax was peaking at every stroke. Vast and unending.

As if no one else was in that world but them.

But there was someone. A little boy watching from the entrance of the wooden tower, in the consummation of one of many incestuous acts. For some reason, the 5-year-old thought, assuredly, that he should be scared of what he was seeing. A big, tall woman crying at fighting -no, being *beaten* by a much smaller kid.

The scene seemed like everything her mother ever talked about “satanists”. A girl with no clothes and someone possessed by the devil. That kid, hitting the girl with his peepee, blank-eyed and

grunting.

Nancy smashed down, forcing Mike to sit, his little balls bouncing in the wood. Looking over her shoulder, the high-schooler started the pedophile show.

The boy was fat, and was holding the edges of his shirt, nervous.

Her voice, playfully infantilizing and endlessly whorish, welcomed their audience.

“We’re playing”

“Y-you can’t play like that!”

“Really? Like what?”

“Like-”

The kid was stunned. Violence was just never good, not even in games.

“A boy should never hit a girl!”

Smiling, Nancy started grinding. Mike's erection was still standing.

"But I want him to do it! We're playing Mommy and Daddy, and Mommy and Daddy always hit each other with their dirty parts."

For the first time, the kid noticed her dirty parts, barely visible behind her teen ass-cheeks. And golly gee, she didn't have a peepee!

"What happened to you?! Where's your... thingie?!"

Nancy, trying in vain to turn without taking out her brother's cock, showed herself to the preschooler in all her naked, child-molesting glory. Despite the terrible circumstances that surrounded what was happening to her, from the little kid's point of view, once he saw her expression he never questioned if she ever enjoyed it. It was a face of belonging.

Putting Mike's 3-inches aside, she laid back over his little body and opened her legs as far as she could. She wanted to explain to him a lot of things, but there was an itching in her brain, in her cunt -really, what was the difference. And not being able to resist for even half a minute, she put back in the child's penis.

"Boys and girls are made like a jigsaw, darling.", she explained, punctuated by whorish moans and spurts of femcum, "Boys have a little thing called a cock and girls have a lot of fun holes to get inside. When a girl hugs lots your cute little thingie, -your **cock**- with her holes, you will never want to get out!"

For the first time in all his five years, little Johnny crossed his legs despite the inability to get erect. Cock!

Nancy slid down and faced the petite meatspear before her. The skin of the shaft was as clean and silky as the first time.

“Sometimes, when you can’t sleep, it’s because you want somewhere warm to put your small cock. That’s when you ask your big sister or mommy for help! They have big holes in which you can rest!”

As she spoke, she kissed the head, then the shaft and finally the churning boy-balls, that were exhaustively producing a lot of sperm for such a demanding clientele. Not breaking eye contact with the 5-year-old, she swallowed the entirety of the kid-meat, loudly fondling it with her tongue.

Mike started to moan. A sexy, immature fucking song. Pointing at a small puddle of her own girl-ejaculate, Nancy once again talked.

“And all of this feels so good! Big pedo sister loves little bro! I can cum by just sucking Mike’s kid dick!”

A bunch of spit dribbled down. Nancy couldn’t help being a messy cock-sucker. Mike held her head and thrust, but realistically all he did was to wiggle his penis and testicles inside her mouth. However, the attempted face-fuck made her slurp harder.

SSLURPPPPPPP

The teen girl let go as the first stream of watery cum shot, forcing him to land it in her hair, button nose and rosy lips.

“This is what happens when someone loves you very much ♥♥ They let you shoot your baby-batter whenever you want. In her ass, her cunt, her food. If she doesn’t let you, then she doesn’t love you.”

Johnny didn’t understand anything, but the face of the other kid. He was almost unconscious, as if he had transcended. Johnny wanted that, somehow. That yearning didn’t escape Nancy.

A female, older voice echoed in the park.

“Johnny! We need to go now. It’s getting late, sweetheart!”

The boy, playing with his hands, jumped. Despite all that the girl had said, there was something that made him feel bad. Maybe it was the smell. Maybe it was seeing something he shouldn’t. Either way, he turned around.

“Ask her, Johnny. When you get home, ask your mommy to **rape you**. Steal her little shorts. Every day. Until she does.”

And she was completely serious. As she ate her brother’s cum, Nancy knew that every woman meant to be a pedophile. It was so transparent. Then, plaintive and hugging her brother, the child-rapist

added:

“Don’t tell her you saw me, or I won’t be able to play or see my baby bro again. People don’t like when others are happy with one another.”

Johnny didn’t answer. He just ran and slid down a pole like a firefighter. At every step, the word “rape” resounding.

Karen looked around the house. They needed to get to the clinic, make some following on her daughter.

They were in a little dispute with the Harringtons, since Steve claimed he wasn’t the father, like her daughter declared. It was of no use. They were surely winning, and Steve’s family would have to pay child-support.

“Nancy, let’s go!”

Like an invocation, Nancy showed around the corner. Preceding her came a huge 7-month-old preggo belly, distinctively contrasting the delicate frame of the teenager. Karen looked at her saddened. There was something about Nancy that just seemed wrong.

She was so happy, bubbly, bouncing her belly up and down. A

teenager would be destroyed by the news. Her future, bright as no other, was absolutely shattered.

There was also a smell on her. Some kind of perpetual, oily odor, but too vague to pinpoint. It was probably the pregnancy. That shit did weird things to women. She knew.

Her daughter's breast had grown exponentially from the flat bumps on a teen chest. They were still small, tho. Barely a C-cup. A constantly lactating C-cup.

Holding her hand was Mike. Something white falling from the side of his lip. For some reason, Karen felt her mind oppressing itself from reaching something, like a realization.

“What’s that, honey?”

As she leaned, looking at Nancy’s breast milk leaking from the boy’s pie-hole, a smell struck her. Overpowering, intimidating and absolutely disgusting.

“W-What the hell?! Mike, how long haven’t you taken a bath?!”

“Mom! Mr. Rogers is gonna hear!” proclaimed Nancy, pushing Mike to her right. Almost protective. “Mike took a bath with me. Did you forget?”

The smell. It was similar to Nancy's body.

Maybe...

Maybe they were spending too much time together. Probably the boy stepped on dog poop somehow.

"Sorry... Mike, clean your feet before you get into the car. I forgot my wallet."

And rushing, she disappeared up the stairs. Nancy gave Mike a little nudge, groping his 8-year-old butt. Mike smiled, hugging her as her hand molested him. Nancy was so cute when she defended him.

She could see, imperceptible, the tiny erection that seemed oh-so-eternal now. 3-inches of uncut child cock for her, with almost a month of fermented, curdled smegma clinging to his boy parts, all from coming onto himself over and over again. It was his new task until his sister gave birth, to feed with the filthiest remains he could gather their baby.

As Nancy walked, she felt a kick. The 16-year-old smiled like only an expert underage porn-star would, as she savored a string of thick kiddie dick cheese that laid in between her teeth.

Her hand travelled to his and squeezed. That was enough.